

## Children's Department.

### TRIPLING WITH DANGER.

I was sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in S—— a few years ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and, of course, asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark: "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'" I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent for some seconds.

"Well," said he at length, "I am not that man. My first Sunday-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe, was a good intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are parading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday-school superintendent, your first class leader, and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your own children. I cannot afford to put my head in such a haltar as that."—*W. Taylor.*

### A LITTLE HELPER.

"Kitty! you ought to see the great sitting room, or 'living room,' as she calls it, up at grandma's! It is the homiest place. The very chairs look sociable and good-natured, as if they had been saying nice things to each other."

Sallie was apt to like things pretty well, whatever place she happened to be dropped down into. That was one reason why people liked to have her come and be company.

"She is such a little helper," said grandma. "I remember very well, when she was nothing but a little bit of a baby, how she would go toddling around in her little red shoes picking up dropped things that lazy folks would leave round to litter. One day her Uncle John came in and he laughed and made fun of what I said about her. He didn't believe a little two-year old baby could have such helpful ways. 'All right,' I said. 'Just you drop your gloves on the rug there and leave your handkerchief under the edge of the table, and see what will happen. I hear her little feet trotting in this minute.'"

"Sure enough, in she came, and the first thing she spied was the gloves, and she picked up first one and then the other and brought them to Uncle John, who stood looking out of the window. Back she went for the handkerchief, but that might be anybody's and I was always dropping handkerchiefs around, so she brought it to me. But she picked them all up, as I knew she would."

"The little helpful darling!" said Kitty who was having a visit from grandma, and so read the letter right out with all the nice things in it about Sallie's visit at grandma's.

"Yes, and she has been just like that ever since. Always helping, always doing something for somebody. That's why I like to have her come. She would find any place homey. Some people are born to be little helpers."

"I wonder what she would say, if she knew you were right here, listening to her letter," laughed Kitty, reading some more nice things about the visit and grandma.

"She would be glad," said grandma. "That is one of her ways of helping—saying the pleasant things. She always did it."

### EXAMINATION.

Some school boys were asked to define certain words and to illustrate their meaning. Here are a few: Frantic means wild. I picked some frantic flowers. Athletic, strong; the vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sit tandem at school. And then some single words were funnily explained. Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out; fins are fishes' wings; circumference is the distance around the middle of the outside.

### DO YOUR BEST.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap, and knee-breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-bye to him, he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, then laying his hand on my head, he said, 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you. Will you try to remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, 'I will, Grandpa.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is this: What you have to do, always do the best you can.' This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver, and I never forgot his words."

Good fortune sometimes comes to see us in a very shabby looking carriage.

From Bakersville, Pa.

I saw your statement in the paper and I thought I would try to write you a short letter. I go to Sunday-school. The child's name was to be John. His parents were Zacharias and Elizabeth. They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances blameless. John was the forerunner of Christ.

MAUD MILLER.

[Your answers are correct, little girl, and we hope to hear from you again.—Ed.]

From La Paz, Ind.

I will try and write again. This makes the second time. My S. S. teacher's name is Emma Houser. She wants her class to write a letter to the EVANGELIST, so I will do so. I got one of my school-mates to join church and by having her join we got her mother to join. Her name is Dessie Thornton, and she said she found it much better to follow the Lord than Satan. We have a real nice King's Children. I have missed only one of the meetings and then it was so stormy that I couldn't go. Maud Whiting is our president, Emma Bechtel our vice president, Mrs. Eva Hostetler our secretary, and my sister Cracie is our assistant secretary. If this letter is printed I will write again. I must close.

ORA E. HOSTETLER.

From Fisher's Hill, Va.

I noticed these questions in the EVANGELIST and I will try to answer them. 1. Who sang the song? Ans. The angels. 2. What was the song they sang? Ans. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men." 3. Who told the shepherds not to be afraid? Ans. The angels. 4. What good news did he tell them? Ans. He told them that Christ was born. 5. To what town did the shepherds go? Ans. They went to Bethlehem. 6. What did they find? Ans. They found a little babe in the manger.

VERNIE KELLER.

[You are correct, little girl. You have answered well. Hope to hear from you again.]

From Auburn, Ill.

This is the first time I ever wrote to the EVANGELIST. I am eleven years old. I go to school. My teacher's name is Mr. Louis Bauman. He reads to us every morning. My birthday was the third of January.

JAMES SHIERY.

DAY hides the stars from thee,  
Sense hides the heaven  
Waiting the contrite soul  
That here has striven.

—*Epes Sargent.*